

# The Sun.

SUNDAY, MARCH 26, 1887.

**THE SUN** to-day consists of sixteen pages. Our friends should see that their enemies furnish them with the entire paper.

When day's begun,  
Comes the brain's breakfast, the bright  
Morning Sun;  
When day is done,  
Comes the brain's supper, the bright Evening  
Sun.

Twin oaks of light, a glorious course they  
run;  
With warmth of knowledge, and with fire of  
fan.  
They glow and gleam for all men's better  
ment;  
They take by general and enthusiastic con-  
sent, the sun!

They are invincible. They will continue to shine forth  
Till we sink. From the sun.

**The Convention.**

The voters of this State decided last fall by an immense majority that they wanted a Constitutional Convention to be called.

The majority of the voters of New York in any election in which the Democrats are not called upon to support anti-Democratic ideas or disgruntled candidates is composed of Democrats.

The Republicans in the present Legislature, as in the two last ones, are well aware of this fact. They have consequently determined that the Constitutional Convention, if it be called, shall have a Republican majority. They are sure that the Convention shall be no more representative of the opinions of the majority of the voters of New York than is the Legislature under the present unjust appointment.

However much the evident purpose of the Republicans is to be disregarded from the point of justice, fairness, decency, and regard for democratic-republican institutions, from the point of view of practical politics and political results, the Democrats will have no permanent cause to regret it. Others besides themselves will suffer from the injustice. They will reap the principal benefit of the reaction which is sure to come.

The labor men, naturally affiliated with the Democratic party, find themselves disengaged, as that party has been long discredited by the action of the Republicans. The labor men, like the Democrats, will find themselves compelled in the end to protest with all the means in their power at this continuing Republican outrage. The Democrats, for their part, should make of it an instant issue. They have been long outraged. In the end the Republicans will find that fraud does not pay.

**The School Teachers.**

Perhaps the most agreeable and sympathetic bunch of callers the Hon. Grover Cleveland has had the pleasure of receiving since his miraculous election to the Presidency of these United States, was composed of the school teachers, who paid him their respects last week. "I was something of a school teacher myself once," he is reported to have said, "and sometimes I feel as if I were something of a school teacher yet."

No wonder. He is a school teacher yet. He has the symptoms and the characteristics. He treats the millions who belong to the Democratic party as if they were still little children, dependent upon him to receive their mucks in civil service reform recitations, and bound to take from him with conviction, if not with cheerfulness, a birching every once in a while. The superior manner, the stiffness of demeanor, the unblushing consciousness of his own greatness, the parochial horizon, the desire to improve his inferiors, the illimitable faith in "system," the tendency to subordinate into phrases—who has not had opportunity to observe these peculiarities and idiosyncrasies in the case of his or somebody else's village schoolmaster?

Mr. Cleveland has all these peculiarities, and besides them the strange one, of never giving himself or his pupils a recess. The desire for a recess is, we believe, now technically expressed by saying, "Give us a rest." Mr. Cleveland never gives anybody a rest. He is a schoolmaster who never wishes to take a vacation. Still he ought to know that there are both more agreeable and more useful persons than those who professionally "know it all," and to seek to apply the best or fuzziest to persons of discretion may well be a ticklish effort. A school teacher knows much, but not everything, and usually not much more than men of his age. A Buffalonian school teacher knows much, but not necessarily, nor teacher, not even possibly more than the rest of his party. It is even conceivable that he doesn't know as much.

**The Works Assailing the Catholic Church.**

Mr. BALFOUR, the new Irish Secretary, has committed a blunder which the most sullen and wrong-headed of his predecessors had the good sense to avoid. By the wanton and violent arrest of Father KELLY he has arrayed against the Tory Government the whole moral authority and social influence of the Irish Catholic episcopate and priesthood. To promote the strange simplicity of this provocation, we should keep in view the position on which Father KELLY was arrested, and contrast Mr. BALFOUR's reckless action with the shrewd self-restraint evinced under like circumstances not only by Sir MICHAEL BACON, but even by Mr. POWELL.

Father KELLY, it should be observed, was not arrested on the charge which the Government recently but vainly pressed against Mr. POWELL—slight names of promoting the plan of secession. It is not indeed denied that he has openly advanced the temporary secession of rents to trustees pending final readjustment of land values whose justice the Ministers themselves have hardly acknowledged. Some weeks ago a warrant was actually issued for his arrest upon this ground, but as owing to the priest's great popularity, it could not be executed without an odious and possibly homicidal display of force. Sir MICHAEL BACON prudently allowed the affair to drop. That for his conduct in this matter he was taken with weakness and timidity by his more belligerent colleagues seems patent from the uncompromising way which his successor has adopted an opposite course. Mr. BALFOUR is hardly warm in office before he dispatches a score of police men, furnished with rifles and bayonets, to arrest an unarmed priest—no longer on the specious accusation of inciting rents to break the law by withholding rents, as on which the Vatican might conceivably have in the end declined to sanction, but on a charge certain to displease the whole Catholic hierarchy, from the sovereign pontiff to the humblest curate of a parish, the charge, namely, of refusal to honor the confessions of the confessors.

When we recall the still wild watch the Nonconformist Friends contrived amid the heat of their coercive demonstrations to secure the neutrality of the Catholic Church,

Archbishop McCloskey was openly on the side of the Government, and even Archbishop CHUCK expressed disapproval of the no-rent manifesto—and when we look back on the long-headedness with which BACON-BACON, from the moment that Father KELLY's support of DUNLOP was defended by the Bishop of Cloyne, washed his hands of the matter, it seems incredible that BACON, a man with the blood of the wary CHUCK in his veins, could have been guilty of the folly of impersonating a priest for the inflexible observance of his fundamental vow. No wonder that the journey of Father KELLY across Ireland was a kind of triumphal progress, and that the municipal authorities of Cork, Limerick, and Dublin, with other aristocrats of the Nationalist cause, received the tidings of the priest's arrest not so much with wrath as admiration. Now, indeed, to every Irish peasant it may well seem that the Lord hath delivered the enemy into their hands. It was reserved for BACON to exhibit the blindness that goes before destruction, and to commit his party, which already was sufficiently beset with pitfalls and assailants, to a ground of contention where the Irish priesthood are certain to be backed by a spiritual engine with which even BACON could not cope.

**Incompetent Railroad Managers.**

It is now pretty well established that the late accident in the Boston and Providence Railroad was due to a defect in the original plan of the bridge which fell. Generally it needs no engineering skill to decide that a bridge which falls under the weight of a train passing, no matter at what speed, was not properly designed or looked after. But if this declaration needs any confirmation, it is found in the positive statements of our esteemed contemporary, the *Engineering News*, whose expert, after a personal investigation of the case, declares that "more shamefully bad specimens of bridge design and workmanship can hardly exist." He adds that "the bridge was a sort of patchwork nondescript which violated several of the most important and fundamental requirements of good bridge designing."

This being true it follows that the railroad company has been guilty of the greatest negligence and mismanagement in not detecting the truth and replacing the dangerous bridge, and its officers, who have been many years in their places, cannot be too promptly punished, to the full extent of the law, for their negligence. This it must be remembered, is no poor struggling corporation, but one of the oldest, most prosperous and self-sacrificed companies in New England, earning large sums of money and paying large dividends, and therefore amply able to employ the most competent engineers and buy the best appliances of all kinds; and yet there is no much reason for believing notwithstanding the great immunity from accidents it has hitherto enjoyed, that it is one of the most incompetently managed railroads in the United States.

So far as we can learn, neither the President nor the superintendents nor any other high officer of the company knows enough about the permanent way or machinery of a railroad to say whether it is properly designed or not. And the same thing is true of many other railroad managers throughout the country, and especially in New England, where they still follow the "rule of thumb" practice to a very great extent. This being so, the public has no assurance, and can have none, that there are not other bridges on the Boston and Providence, as well as on other railroads between New York and Boston, presenting equally bad specimens of design and workmanship.

It is noticeable that the New York New Haven and Hartford road has several bridges mostly of cast iron, or had up to a very recent date, that violate nearly all "the most important and fundamental requirements of good bridge designing." To make the matter worse, there is reason for believing that the managers are quite as ignorant of the principles of construction as those of the Boston and Providence have shown themselves to be.

Notwithstanding the large number of bridges removed on the New York and New England road of late years, it is well known that it still has a wooden Howe truss bridge on its main line spanning the Connecticut River, which has been in constant use for over thirty years; and although it is covered in and has been strengthened many times, and in many ways, there can scarcely be a doubt that the life is entirely out of it, or that, with the heavy engines and trains of the present day, it is frequently very much overstrained.

The practice of selecting railroad Presidents from rich stockholders, who have in many cases made their money by practising law or selling groceries, and of taking general managers and superintendents from the list of conductors and telegraph operators who have survived the perils of the single-track railroad and who are entirely ignorant of the principles of engineering, cannot be too severely condemned. Railroad management is getting to be an exact science, every branch of which requires specialists, of the most careful scientific education, as well as of business experience; and the sooner the rich railroad corporations learn this fact and select their Presidents, Vice-Presidents, general managers, and superintendents accordingly, the sooner we shall cease to hear of such disasters as that which has so recently filled our columns with its distressing details.

**Wanted, a National Anthem.**

We have been singing the English national anthem, God Save the Queen, for half a century. On our centennial birthday, when the stroke of midnight occurred in the 1st of January 1876 we fired guns, rang bells, kindled bonfires, and throughout the length and breadth of the land we sang our national hymn to the music of God Save the Queen because that tune is called "America." While we were celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of our freedom from the British yoke, we were shouting the British national air, God Save the Queen, from Maine to California.

The cause of this ridiculous blunder can be easily explained. In 1866 a Boston music publisher issued a collection of psalm tunes called "The Boston Academy," and on page 220 of this musical collection is a tune called "America. National Hymn." This tune is measure for measure and note for note the English national hymn originally known as God Save the King, and changed to God Save the Queen when Victoria ascended the throne on June 20, 1857. Why the Boston publisher allowed the committee who compiled it, to introduce this English national

melody into the collection and call it "America. National Hymn," is a problem that no student will ever solve, but the fact that it is so published in the "Boston Academy," and in many other catchpenny musical publications since has led some ignorant Americans to regard it as the national air of America.

GEOFFREY W. MARSHALL, the English organist, has composed a "Transcription and Variations on God Save the Queen," which for the past thirty years he has played at his organ concerts in almost every city in the Union, always announcing it in his programmes as "God Save the Queen." This fact in itself, one would suppose, ought to teach Americans that the tune which they sing and call America, is the British national anthem. Or do they think the British sing the hymn from us? It is ascribed to Dr. JOHN BROWN, organist of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel. About the period of the discovery of the gunpowder plot, he composed and played it on a small organ before the King, calling it "God Save Great JAMES Our King." It was published for the first time in 1742 or thirty-four years before we drove the British from our shores. There was a time when it was the national air of this country, but when our independence was achieved it ceased to serve that function, until in 1856 it was published in Boston as "America. National Hymn." If our national airs, Hall COLUMBIA, the Star Spangled Banner, and the Red White and Blue, are not grand enough for our occasions, and we are obliged to appropriate a foreign national air to the seal of the confederation, that Archibishop CHUCK declared the Government would be the day when it struck down that foolhardy gage of battle.

**Archibishop CHUCK.**

There is nothing in the history of evening papers that equals the first three days of THE SUN'S existence. Its circulation passed yesterday the limit that we had predicted for it, and we believe that when its new machinery is all in running order it will attain a sale of over a quarter of a million a day.

There is no evening journal in the country that gives as much news as THE SUN. Sixty-six and there never was such a newspaper at its price.

Experts watch with lively interest the daily recorded appointments of Postmasters in the State of New York. It is believed that the fine Roman hand of DALE LAWRENCE can be recognised in these appointments, and that they are put where they will do the most good. We do not know whether DALE LAWRENCE has his brother fixed upon them or not; but we whisper in his ear that they are not designed to promote a unanimous delegation in brother BACON's favor in the next National Democratic Convention.

It appears that MR. CLEVELAND were a very long way black. BLACK ALBERT cost and wore black trousers on his fifth birthday. Such is his usual costume, his habit, as to speak. Yet he has a fine figure for a cutaway. And in honor of gentle weing, the benign mother of emperors, he might well drap himself in trousers of a lighter hue. If he had had the good fortune to be born on the 17th instead of the 18th of the month of June, he might properly wear crimson coverings of the vivid and eternal green. What should he stick to another black? Is the Administration forever to be in mourning?

The probability in the celebrated B. and O. case, as the thing stands to-day, is that there will be no deal at all.

We have received from somebody three printed sheets attacking the B. and O. with violence. It is done ostensibly on behalf of the Ohio Republicans, but there is no question that a good Democrat would as easily do it in excessives cases of semi-aggression as a good Republican. The B. and O. did not have the Post Office in its control Democratic village, and asserted that Mr. EDDIE should have influence. Then Mr. COOPER got into the Post Office, and the B. and O. had to give up the Post Office in its control Democratic village. So the B. and O. are now in a bind.

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